

the

SKETCH





OCA

Sketch

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ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART, TORONTO.

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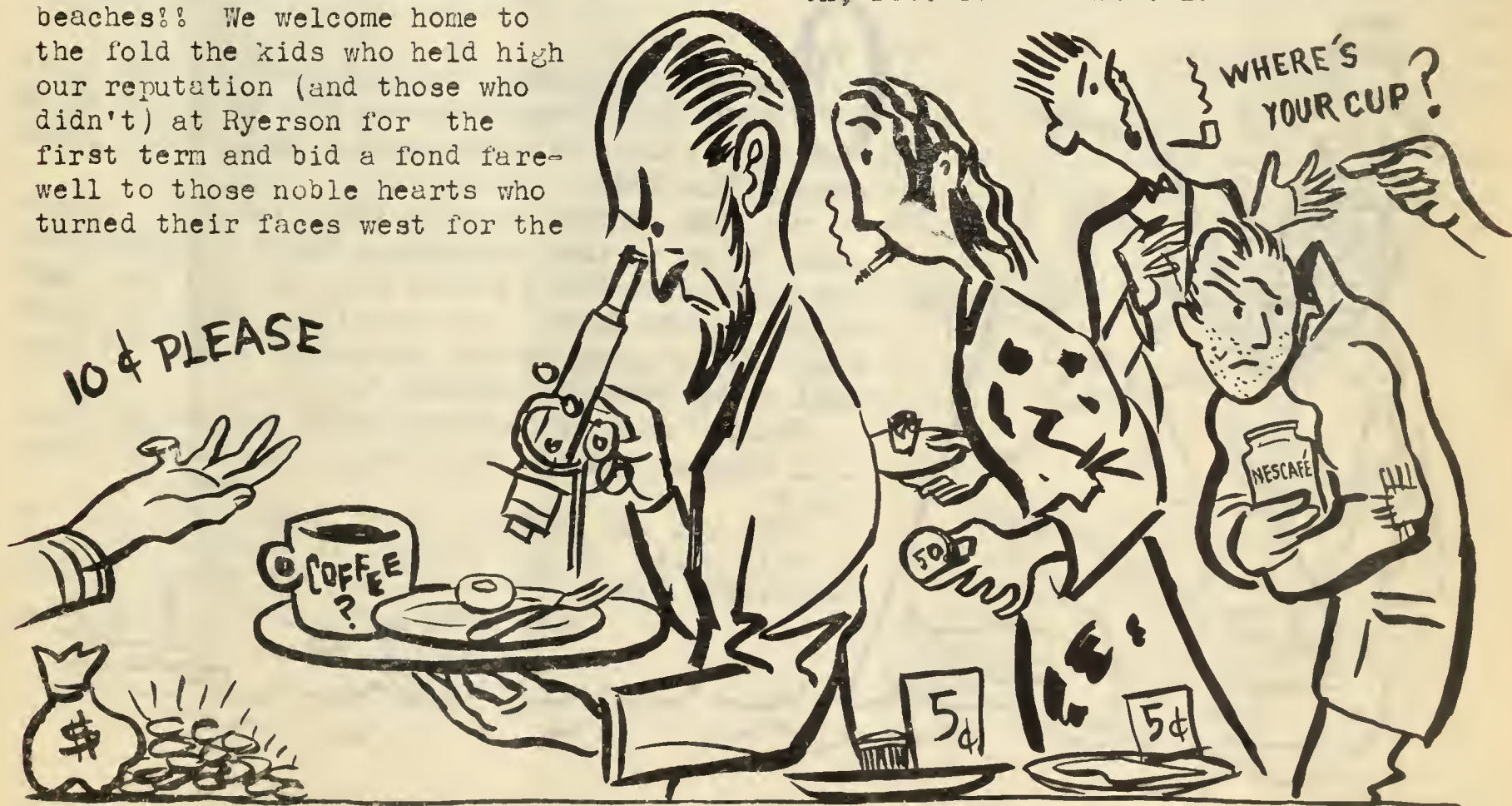
February, to quote Mr. Climer, has been a sick month. It also has been the month in which the marks were posted. Whether there is any connection between the two is a very debatable point. There has been considerable debate also regarding just how wise the posting of marks is--being a bit of a mugwump re this question and leaning slightly toward the pro, I sat in on a few discussions and listened while some shrieked "Kindergarten Stuff" and others took their stand nobly with a rather 'we died with our boots on' attitude of "Well, I like to know where I stand!"

This month has seen some new models around and as well, some new still life subjects which Mac insists he spent two afternoons picking up off the beaches!! We welcome home to the fold the kids who held high our reputation (and those who didn't) at Ryerson for the first term and bid a fond farewell to those noble hearts who turned their faces west for the

remaining term. May the gods smile on you and there is a special warning from the prodigals of 2nd. Yr. Design to be sure not to drop any thumbtacks because it disrupts the classes on the floor below.

In the line of beefs, it has been suggested that maybe the reason for all the familiar faces in the Canary at noon is the fact that pieces of pie in the Grange cafeteria are diminishing in size steadily, the amount of sugar in the coffee is shall we say negligible, and please, must we pay 5¢ for one lonely little do-nut?

Saturday night dances have been very successful and the boys in the orchestra have really done a splendid job in organizing the same and have also proved themselves capable in arranging the music. There were two dances this month, Feb. 5th and Feb. 19th. What with



NEWS AND VIEWS continued:

preparations for the Ball, they felt that two would be all they could handle.

The ski enthusiasts gave a whoop of joy upon seeing the snow and went whipping off to Dagmar for the February 12 week-end. Need I say more than that they had their usual gala time and fun and games were enjoyed by all. Glad to see the first year taking an avid interest in the Ski Club.

Barb King (3rd Design) was to be heard on "Singing Stars of To-morrow" on Sunday the 6th. Barb's voice has matured considerably and is a lovely mezzo soprano. She sang an aria from "Le Cide" by Massenet and Mattonatta. Incidentally, you can all hear Barb in the Theatre Club production this spring.

This month we have congratulations for one of our instructors, Don Fraser on his engagement to Marion McCrae, and to Alex Anderson, the caretaker at Nassau Street on his marriage to Greta Maltby. Best wishes to you!!!

Sue Mess has been doing some Fashion modelling for Eaton's and Simpson's in their Bridal Shows and enjoyed it very much although she says that when the novelty wore off it became rather like work. Dot Greenberg spent a week in

Montreal near the first of the month (the only time we could spare her) and Winston Elliot, Bob Lawson, Reg Shepherd and Jack Lowrie took themselves off to New York for the week of the 12th.

This month saw two extremely interesting lectures, one by Mr. Hunt on Feb. 8 on Atmosphere of the Renaissance and one by Mr. Martin on Costume of the Renaissance. Naturally each of these was given with the Ball in mind and I'm sure that all those who attended derived a great deal of useful info from them. Mr. Hunt suggested a book from the reference library "Monumenta Sienica" which evidently has practically no text and has oodles of wonderful illustrations. If any of you haven't yet acquired a costume, you might nip up and get some ideas. Mr. Martin's lecture dealt more with the practical side in that he suggested how to make something out of nothing, or, to be more explicit, how to make inexpensive materials look as though they belong at a Medici Masque. A thousand thanks are due to these two staff members who gave so willingly of their time and efforts to help make the Ball a success. We certainly trust that we will see you all there doing your bit too?

MARNIE POND.

"WATSON A NAME"



One DAY, a FISHER, his wife ANDERSON and their PURDY YOUNG daughter were STANDEN at the FOOTE of a COOLE POND, watching a GRAY SWANN glide through the CANE.

"Oh, GEE, Father," said PEGG, for that was her name, "I am in LOVE with Bill. He is a GOODFELLOW, and will never POGUE fun at me. He will even LETT me sit on his LAPP. He certainly HATHAWAY with him. He is going to ask you for my HAHN, and then NEIL at my feet and propose."

"WATT," said her father, "HOWE DARRACH do that! I'll POPHAM one if he tries. You MAYNARD marry him."

"Oh, you are FULLER BULL," cried PEGG, and ran to tell Bill. He was STANDEN in the WOOD when she discovered him. "Oh DARLING," she cried, "Father



WATSON a NAME continued
is going to stop us from MARION, and it
is MOHR than I can bear."

"Don't worry," said Bill. McCRACKEN
his knuckles, "No use CROSSIN bridges
till we come to them. I will BASH his
head in and then use my GUNN on him and
when it's done he'll be SHEEHAN stars."

"PUCH," said PEGG, PATTEN his HAINES,
"you will certainly LESS the works. He
will CHALLONER to a duel if he is DES-
PARD. HOWE about eloping WYLIE's asleep.
I want a HOME of my own. You KINSELLA
few TOWERS of the old CLIMSTED or HUNT us
a place on the HILL NEAR here."

"No KIDDICK," she cried happily, WAG-
GNER her head, "but SNOW fun alone WADE
for me."

"I KENT wait," he said, "And I don't
want to PLAYER lone, LETTS GLITTER long."

"WYNCTT," she answered, following him,
"but leave us not go by the Grange. I'd
RUTHERFORD the WEIR."

Later

In the K.C.R. which is known for its
COODALE, and where they PHILPOTTS FULLER
and DOWNHAM quicker, they sat MULLIN over
their troubles. PEGG rubbed her AIKEN-
HEAD and looked up.

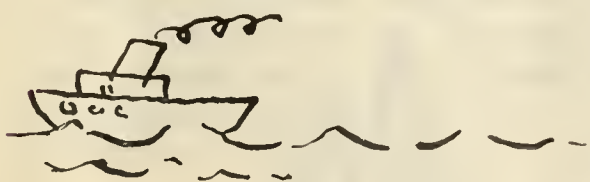
"Take a CLINDER at those FELLOWS," she
said, "They are trying to OGLE me. They
must be ARTIS students."

"GOWAN," he answered, "They are proba-
bly SELLEN something. Artists would never
draw such WOOLLEY LYONS. I'm hungry.
My KINGDON for a CheeseBERGER."

"My DODSON," she said, "So would I.
Let's GOWE to BASSELS. I like PEPPER on
mine and it keeps the COLD OFF. If it
gives me PANES you can NURSE me."

"I've HADDEN other PRIME idea," he
said. "We'll have it with GARLICK, and
then go and look at HOLMES, we are just
MARTIN time here, and I don't want to
SHERK my duty. Anyway I think your old
LENN really wishes us BOTHWELL. But I
want a house where the LUMBERS GOOD and
we don't have to CLIMER stairway."

"Oh for goodness SAIN, she said, "there



ADENEY such place."

"DORTS true" said Bill.

So whistling HERE COOMBS the bride,
they started to WALKER way but he fin-
ally had to WHEELER.

There is a moral to this tale but in
VERITY I am not sure whether it is LOVE
thy NIEBOER as thyself, or, its a WEIS-
MAN that knows his own CHILD.

FRANCES NEIL

Letter to the Ed.
Home on the Grange,
1949.

Ye Editor,
"The Sketch",
O.C.N.

Dear Sir or Madam: (as the case may be)

This letter is being voiced in a hot
protesting way regarding the so-called
"Students Cafeteria" which hashes up
funerial meals down below!

Oh no, I'm not alone in my protest!

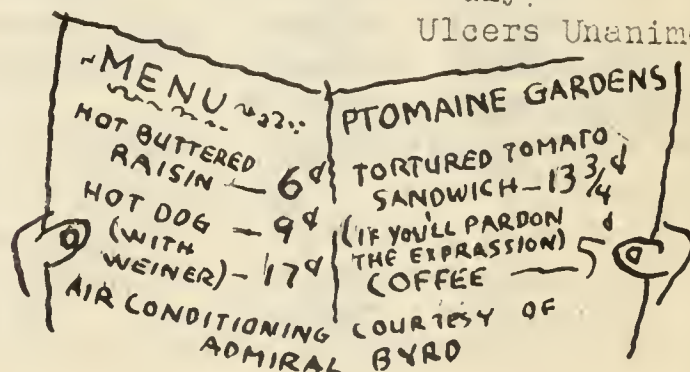
Who, I ask you (including the Little
Corporal) can really stomach that "cof-
fee" served -- and the microscopic buns
for 5 CENTS PLEEZE? The cafeteria is
supposed to be an organization for the
students not agin' them?

One day I made the mistake of asking
for both relish and mustard on a 10¢
weiner and bun and got a very severe re-
primand for such an outrage! "Where do
you think you are -- at the Canary????"
And sometimes I wish I were.

How about the pumpkin pie last week
which tasted like the inside of a Bendix
-- DUZ won't do your baking girls?!

I could go on and on -- perhaps I do
not even reach a definite point in this
beef, but dammit -- my stomach can't take
it any longer, nor my pocketbook -- I'm
bringing my Nescafe!

Truly,
Ulcers Unanimous



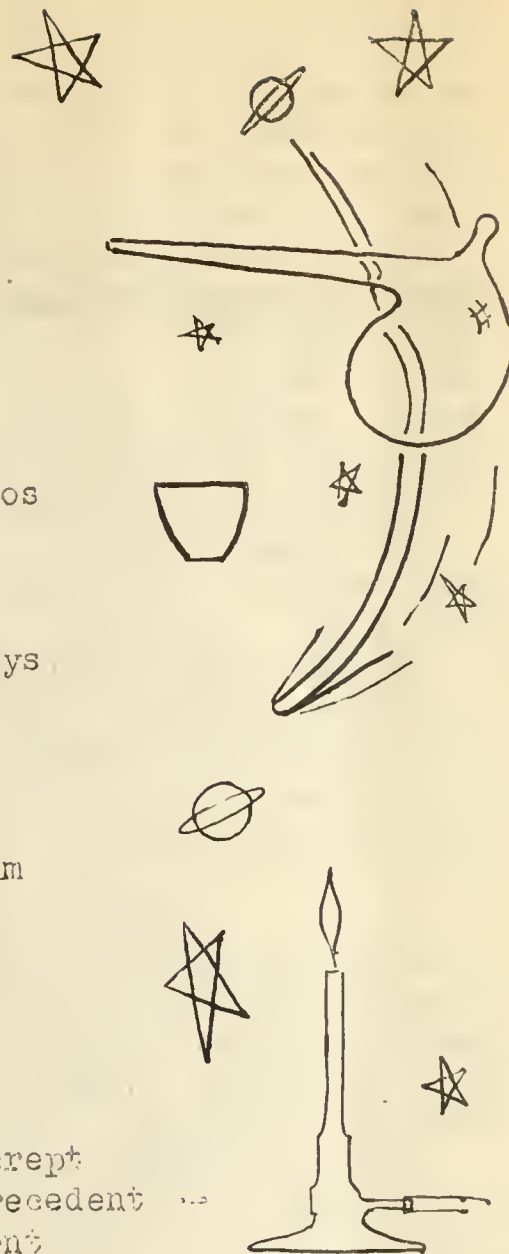
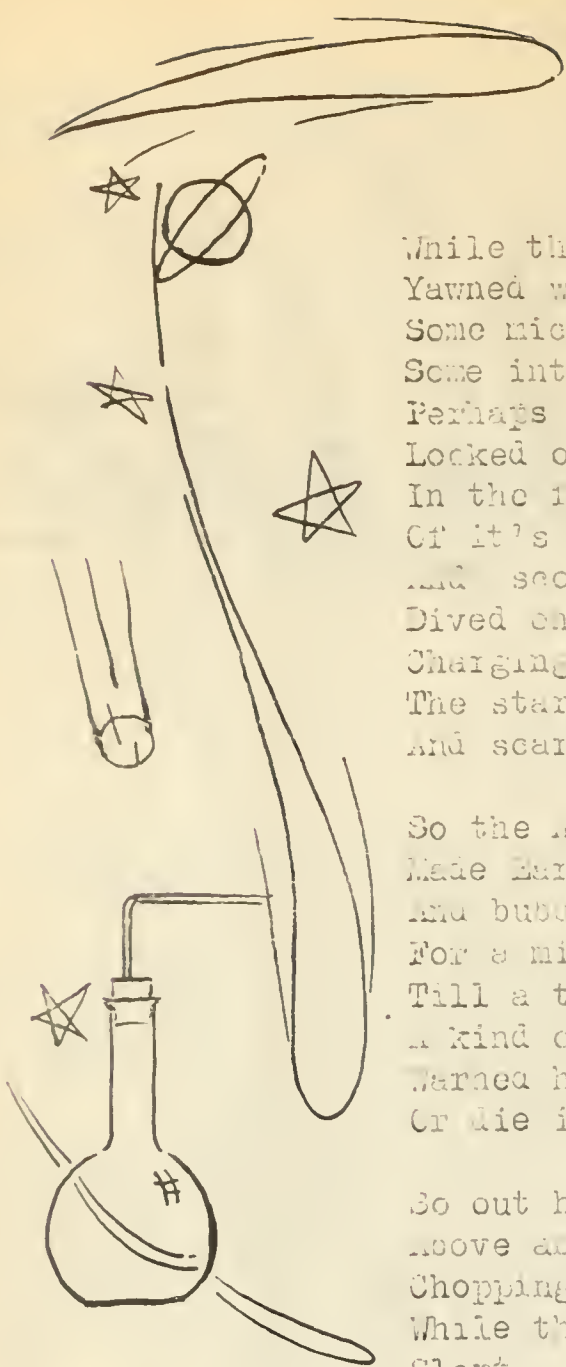
Life

While the Permanent Firmament
Yawned with gaps
Some microbe on a meteor,
Some interstellar fellow
Perhaps
Locked on the whirling world
In the fire
Of it's transient ferment
And scorned the less congenial cosmos
Dived on that ball of mud;
Charging with tangled ray
The stars and void
And scarred by the birth of primal days

So the Anarchistic Bug
Made Earth his home
And bubbled slow with the inorganic
For a million years in the virgin loam
Till a tug
A kind of greed called gravitation
Warned him that he must grow
Or die in the drying clay.

So out he probed with procreation,
Above and below his razored nations crept
Chopping the reons on his way with precedent
While the no longer Permanent Firmament
Slept

WALLY LACKAY



Theatre Group



And through the voids of worlds destroyed the soul of man invincible took form. And so on and on and on. Your theatre group also is taking form and in such a way that even surprises the director. Such talent as CCA hides behind her palette knives and brushes. This, you might never have guessed, is the period during which ideas become realities, the written word becomes the spoken word and carries the full weight of the thought behind it.

All in all, your theatre group is sure to make a good showing this year in a show that is strictly its own. All the groups which comprise the main group are going full speed ahead. Rowan Roy is doing some fascinating things to the

program this year with the help of Mr. Watson and Mr. Finley, to say nothing of the many other collaborators who are doing their best to make a program that you shall be proud to keep. Al English and the boys from the set department are working in conjunction with the costume department, Mr. Martin and others in the hope that sets shall be truly a masterpiece of staging. Costumes of course, under Sue Mess and Pamela Dixon are progressing as can only be expected of the "idea" gals. Rehearsals are improving, with the first and third acts under way and the second act coming up this week-end.

All of which goes into making a show that is No. 1 on your MUST SEE list.

♡ Soft Hearted John's ♡

If you are one of the gay dogs who attend the bi-weekly Saturday night hops, (and we hope you are) you have probably noticed three forlorn figures sitting behind a table peddling lukewarm Cokes. Those, my friends, are not the Three Haggis, they are Soft-hearted John Ruppell, who owns the establishment, and his able assistants, Moonbeam McSwine and "Rockwell" Kent Sloan.

These three pioneers who set so bravely out upon this colossal business venture are, alas, not as close to retirement as they had hoped to be; there was one memorable night when four and one-half hours of slaving over a hot bottle-opener resulted in the net profit of ten cents each. What happened to the dollar each that they SHOULD have had, our amateur mathematicians were never able to discover.

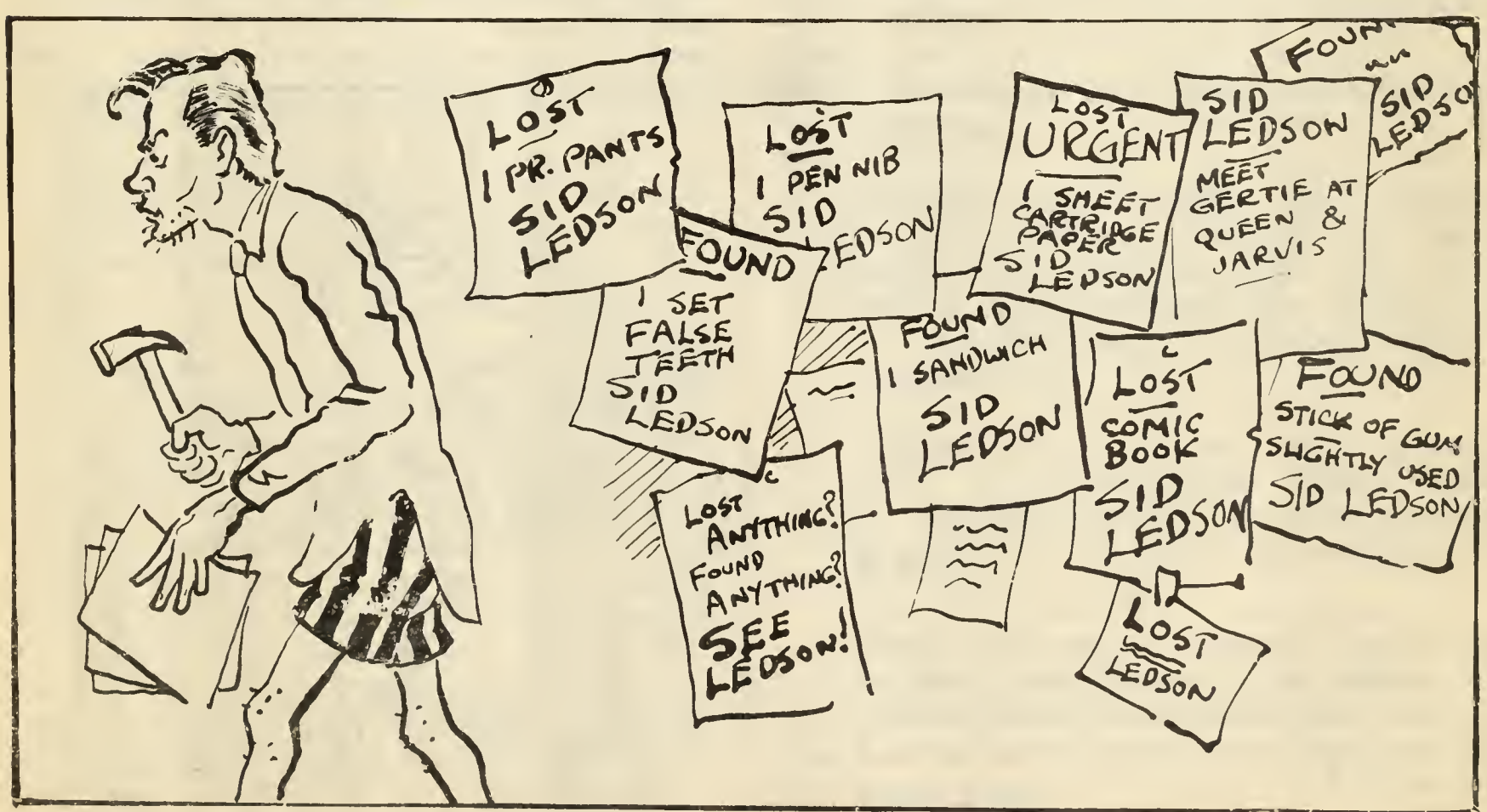
At first, sandwiches were included in the menu. As I recall, they were pretty good -- Mr. Alfsen ate two and as

far as we can tell is still alive. However those who come to the OCA dances seem to lack in hunger what they make up in thirst; so after our 3 heroes had to eat about seventeen sandwiches each to get rid of the surplus, the bill-of-fare was limited to Cokes and Gingerale. And there it stands.

As you can see, the Three Musketeers are doing this loathsome little chore for love, not money. So come to the Sattiday Night Flops -- oops, Hops!! Come early and stay late, for they say that there's cocaine in Joe-Joe's and if you drink enough, who knows? -- you might get up the nerve to ask for another week on the #0?%#!? layout.

Come on down Saturday and fight it out, it's really fun once you get used to it?

(As told to McS. by....
Soft-hearted John (who gives the orders)
Moonbeam (who wears the pants).
and "Rockwell" Kent (official stenographer)



Shows of interest



FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS

"Art is long, life is short "

ARTIS SHREVE

"My greatest fear in art is that I repeat myself "

J. W. G. MACDONALD

"Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die "

KEN GRAY

"Love is death, great love is suicide."

BOB COWAN

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time and all our yesterdays have lighted fools their way to dusty death."

FRANCES NEIL

"Anything that is past is but mended Virtue which transgresseth is but patched with sin. And sin amended is but patched with virtue "

JOE DORT

"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on. Nor all your pitty or wit can lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out one word of it "

JACK WAMPLER

DAVIN HENDERSON GALLERIES

Mar 3rd 19th "Ceramic Sculpture" by Dora Wechsler

EATON'S FINE ART GALLERY

Mar 1st 14th "Paintings by William Winter"

Mar 15th 31st "Exhibition of photographs" by the Toronto Camera Club

HART HOUSE GALLERY

Mar 1st 21st "Paintings of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White of Calgary "

Mar 21st Apr 4 "Art Class of Hart House "

(We are very sorry girls but only the male portion of the school can visit the H. H. Shows though if a large enough group wish to see a particular show a special tour can be arranged see Sketch Editorial Staff)

LEE COLLECTION OF RENAISSANCE SILVER
Hart House open to public every Sunday afternoon



MODERN ART *and the* DIGNITY OF MAN

The December 1948 issue of *The Atlantic* contained an article "Modern Art and The Dignity of Man" by Francis Henry Taylor, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, who insists on judging contemporary works by the same high standards which have governed the art of the past. We reprint excerpts here but the greatest benefit is in contemplation of the complete original.

The modern movement is a condition arising out of a series of historic facts and consequences which center on the dignity of man and his constant desire to render truth in sensible form so that other men may grasp its meaning and its beauty. Art for the intelligentsia today has become a form of private communication whereby abstract associations of form and color convey intimacies scarcely less cryptic than those revealed on the psychoanalyst's couch. The contemporary artist has been reduced to the status of a flat-chested pelican, strutting upon the intellectual wastelands and beaches, content to take whatever nourishment he can from his own too meager breast. Yet, were he still an eagle, the world unrolled before the artist's view could scarcely give him inspiration. C.E.M. Joad, popular English philosopher, says: "Ours is an age which has no fundamental beliefs or convictions.....it is an age of science which believes only in the existence of what it can see and touch." The artist is blamed for not conserving beauty. He is condemned for being the cause but never forgiven that he is merely the effect. If he has ceased to be a spiritual leader, it is only because he has not Gospel to impart. Having accepted modern art as something which, while they never understood it, they nevertheless vaguely approved, the public have begun to wonder whether they are not "being had." *LIFE* called in June a Round Table Conference to inquire "into the value, standards, morals and true historical position of modern art." Museum officials, critics and writers pondered on the ultimate. But the elephants of the art world lab-

ored and produced a mouse.

The issue for our generation is not so much one of principle as it is one of the degree of communicability versus incommunicability. Man has misinterpreted his own researches into the modern world of science as the answer to ultimate cause and purpose. The artist has been the victim of similar pressures and obsessions. We are confronted with a conflict between two types of reality: the one presents the picture of the world within the traditional limits of visual experience, and the other presents it from the point of view of personal emotion. The history of art is a visual record of the philosophical concepts which have engrossed creative thinkers of each age. If we accept the definition of art as the rendering of truth in sensible form, and truth as the interpretation of human experience, it is obvious that a work of art is essentially communicative. It must mean something to someone other than the person who created it. Unless participation is allowed the spectator, it becomes a hopeless riddle and ceases to be any work of art at all.

The public in return is no less obligated to make an effort to understand what the artist is attempting to say to them. Few of the visitors to an exhibition who are not trained in the history of design realize the fundamental significance of Picasso's contribution to the thought of our time. He has captured our imagination by exploiting the manic depression which has carried our generation through two world wars and is hurling us along the road to world revolution. Much that has become unintelligible in contemporary art to the spectator is incommunicable solely because the artist-imitator himself has failed to comprehend the meaning of forms and techniques which he has borrowed from the master.

The stalemate which now exists between the objective and the subjective attitudes is nothing new in history. A parallel perplexity harassed the Graccho-Roman world at the period of its decay. The Greek artist expressed a generality

MODERN ART (continued)

of concept. The Gothic Madonna on the other hand put the statue in a given limit of time and place, expressing the glory of God according to a strict discipline and formula. This in turn was doomed to break down in the later Middle Ages before the emergence of Renaissance man, a creature of free will to whom the act of voluntary choice and selection of ideas and tastes were a new adventure, ostensibly for the glory of God but essentially to magnify his own importance. After the Reformation artists turned once again to the experience of classical antiquity, but in their return to the past they lost themselves within it. Beauty was divorced from truth and art became theory instead of practice. Reality was the preoccupation of the artists. But it was the intensity of the human element in a picture which alone could make it rise above the literal and factual representation of the little masters. During the eighteenth century elegance and form were more important than the content. The new God of the nineteenth century was the God of Science.

Man and artist have become the victims of the scientific world they have created, and in their common fear for the future have lost contact with one another. The crisis of the arts is nothing more or less than the crisis of the human race. The satisfaction of individual desires and the enlargement of emotional experience become the standard of value.

How is the artist to proceed in the intellectual and moral vacuum of the present day? Each artist of good will and personal integrity must work this problem out for himself. He must be willing to communicate his meaning to others in terms of universal human experience, he must reject fashion and intellectual snobbery, he must recognize that he shares the responsibilities of citizenship equally with the writer or the politician. Only by his complete freedom of creation can the integrity of art be kept alive. But that is no reason why the public should be dragooned to admire and to applaud what they cannot understand.



Sketching

At time of this writing we are wondering if March will come roaring in like a lion or whether it will spring in like a lamb. An old cliché it's true, but one that we all remember. From the looks of the weather I would say the latter, however entertainment is roaring along and this is no plug for a certain film company.

Number one on our list is that modern mystery of Bloor St. It has been said that the New University Show will open with "Joan Of Arc," which popular rumour says laid a nice big egg in the States. In any event, this reviewer is still looking forward to seeing it.

Eaton Auditorium tells us that they are booked up solid for the month of March. For instance, March 8th to 12th the Mikado, always good fun by any group and from what we know of this particular society, this should be a good evening's fun for any man, woman or beast. ATTENTION GALS -- don't tell Simpson's, but Eaton's are showing their new Spring Fashions. General Admission. Friday, March 18th at 2.30 and 8.30 P.M. If you think you might be feeling more serious Thursday, March 24th, at 8.45 P.M., you should take in a concert by Dorothy Maynor -- soprano. Miss Maynor is also giving a special student matinee, Saturday afternoon, March 26th at 2.30.

NEWS AND VIEWS from Hart House.....

Julius Caesar continues his run at Hart House, presented by the U. of T. Players under Bob Gill until March 5th. Monday and Tuesday March 7 & 8, the College of Optometry presents The Spectacle of 1949. March 14th, The Alliance Francaise presents Andre Frere in a one man show. ?????? Then the week of March 21 the Central Ontario Drama League hold their Festival. Turning now to the legitimate stage at the Royal Alex, you might possibly feel like treading the boards with Judith Evelyn, a Toronto gal, co-starred with Hurd Hatfield in a new play "Ivy Green." Then on March 14, hardly a professional group, but a group that does have fun, the Leaside Lions present their review "Helter Skelter." This group presents an all male

the Town

review, nothing very spectacular but tons of fun is had by everyone in the cast as well as the audience. and the cause is good.

That just about brings us up to date with a few of the high spots in entertainment. May I suggest, however, that you wander over to Massey Hall on the odd Friday night. Toronto's own Symphony plays a program of very light classics with a varied selection of guest stars that are always tops. The admission is quite reasonable and the sketching facilities wonderful just ask Win Elliot and a few of the other regulars. For any of you who might enjoy the more classical concerts, consult the ads in the local papers.

One last word, and this is to those players of To Tell The Truth. Last month marked a big date in Canadian dramatics. A Canadian play by an all Canadian cast was presented first at the Museum Theatre and then at the Royal Alex. All who saw the show could not help but come out feeling justly proud of this event. It is rumoured that the show has been bought by a New York agent and might possibly star Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart. No doubt it will be a success. However, and I do think most will agree, the standards of acting by a Canadian cast was much to be remembered and in my poor opinion, far superior to the play that was presented. Keep plugging Canada, we've got all that it takes.

So Spring is on the way according to all the local shows, a good sign and one that has long been looked forward to for some time. So sing, The Flowers That Bloom In The Spring Tra-la 'til the next time we go sketching the town.

SNACK-BAR

FOX-TAYLOR PHARMACY



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Cor. Dundas and McCaul Streets.

GRIPES

There seems to be quite a fuss about a few wayward students who haven't been attending Lettering classes. Our instructors have aired the problem but what have we done about it? Why can't lettering be classed as an optional subject? Maybe a few commercial minded students may find it useful? In that case, good! - but as creative artists we should be spending most of our time experimenting with the different mediums of expression rather than with a terrifically designed layout for Zippo suds. How about another Life class in its place?? After the week-end, most of us have completely forgotten what we started to do with that one little spark of inspiration we may have had towards the end of last week's class. It's not you we don't like, Mr. Watson, just the lettering!

A few of us would like to apologize to Mr. Haines for putting some framed pictures in his office. We understood at the time that a FCA representative would pick them up there. After they were tossed out we did a little phoning and the paintings were picked up by FCA a couple of days later. What's the matter with our own reps? Maybe if a few more artists-to-be would back up our students' organization, we'd get some results.

How many students are bored with Still Life class? Maybe it's because you've painted that same old whiskey bottle over and over without wondering why it's a whiskey bottle. You shouldn't. Take a look at it again! Maybe you would sooner be out skiing--instead--you can put a bit of that energy into your painting - never mind saying abstract, cubistic, non-objective; they are critics' tags. Skip the logic and do a little experimenting with that greasy paint. Factories turn out mass produced articles, each one identical. Art Schools sometimes do the same.

ROY TOLLINSON

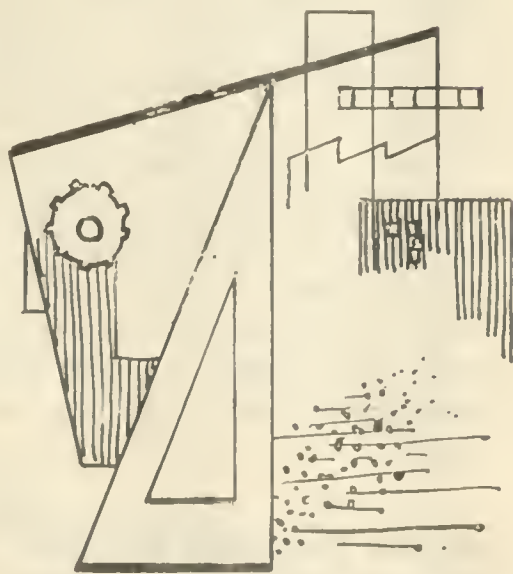
Art is peculiar to man. To understand art, you've got to have a pretty fair idea what man is.

TO THE COMMERCIALS: Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

Contemporary Industrial Design

Although the movement started by William Morris failed to achieve its objective, to re-introduce the handmade object, it did succeed however in stirring permanently the public conscience in increasing measure up till the present day, as to the importance of the dignity of well designed objects. The attempt to put the industrial clock back was bound to fail; the machine as such is not the prime cause of badly designed industrial products. Man himself is to blame for that, and in retrospect this is fully proven in our present day. Although there are glorious exceptions to the rule, generally speaking Industrial Designers, in the present meaning of the word, did not exist, and where well shaped products did appear, these were almost always the final result of the closest and most sympathetic co-operation between the management owner, his staff and workmen. (Wedgwood is outstanding in this respect.)

This natural and organic development inside the production unit with Wedgwood has beyond a doubt justified itself not only as far as the shape of the articles is concerned, their refined taste and dignity but in no lesser degree in the financial sanity of that outlook. Especially in the cited example it can be truthfully stated that Good Industrial Design is Good Business. Although not known under the present name of Industrial Designer, there were at the beginning of this century several people in industry who through their conscious or sub-conscious effort in Industrial Design richly deserved this title in England and elsewhere. The great strata of the industrial world, however, were unaffected by this



re-emergence of this lost link so adequately described by Mr. John Gloag as the "Missing Technician" in his lucid book on the subject.

The argument brought forward at times by manufacturers, that a product will fulfil its function equally well even if the shape is below the standards aimed for by this new movement is no doubt a forceful one, and in several cases no doubt true. The situation changes, however, if a manufacturer can improve the appearance of his product, without even investigating or altering its function, and without additional cost. In simple cases of Industrial Design it will become clear to him without much delay that the greater appeal may be expected to attract more buyers, or to reduce existing buyers' resistance.

The question may arise why the manufacturer has not tried to make this improvement himself, and the answer to this is that no doubt he has in many cases, but partly failed, being too long with his product or too close to it - or again his training and his activities in the process of production did not equip him or give him the time and the facility to reach a higher standard within a reasonably short time.

It is here, even in this first and simple case, that the Industrial Designer can find his place and justification. The factor of time just mentioned is of compelling importance in a competitive society, as will be clear to all who sell or produce.

Moving on to a more complex example in which Industrial Design will find its place, one can conceive of a product which does not only need improved function and these two elements of design organically joined is seldom achieved by the mind untrained in Industrial Design.

As the element of function has now been brought to the scene it is not hard to see that this is related to the changing habits, desires, ways of life of the consumers, and often varies from country to country and between

town and country, and strata of the populace. In order to achieve an optimum functional satisfaction in the newly planned product, the Industrial Designer himself must either have a broad knowledge and appreciation of these mechanical and psychological factors, or more often must carry out a market research, especially where large sums of money are to be spent on the eventual production.



New materials or the new use of the existing materials will be closely studied, and next to the form given, as in the first case now the engineer enters the field, either in one and the same person or as a separate unit, as in the larger Industrial Design offices.

From here onwards the process of investigating, and especially that of integration follows. It is the all-important element of co-operative integration which needs constant stressing, however obvious this may sound.

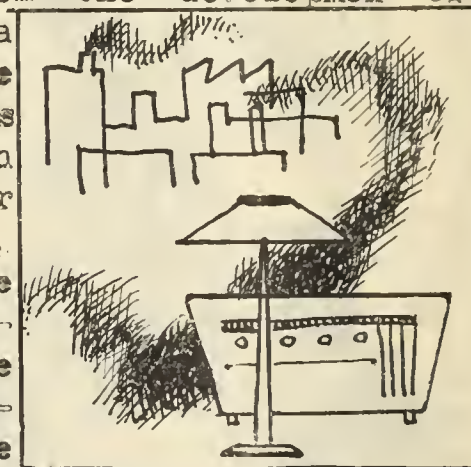
A few fields in which it should be found are:

- 1) Industrial Designer and Management.
- 2) Industrial Designer and Engineering staff at the mill.
- 3) Capacity of materials used, and shape of article.
- 4) Function and shape of article.
- 5) Function and shape, and kind of market in which it is sold.
- 6) Cost price and kind of market.

Industrial Design has only too often suffered and received the severest setbacks on account of the misconception that the designer can do this, all by himself, which is obviously impossible for most Industrial Designers.

Other reasons for the failure can be found in the fact that the Designer loses sight of the reality that an Industrial product is made to be sold in great numbers, and that therefore the prime cost is of the greatest significance. In other cases the manufacturer has the feeling that a few perspective sketches in water-colour will do him, either because it is believed that some saving can be made on the payment of the Industrial Designer or because the functioning of an industrial design unit in combination with a production system is unknown to him. All these and several more causes can bring discredit to the name and essentially of Industrial Design.

In order to avoid these pitfalls as far as possible it has become clear that no one should, without any special training, set up in business as an Industrial Designer and Consultant. It is too often forgotten that the manufacturer stakes, in many cases, a great deal of money on the development or improvement of a new article. The designer's fee is only a fraction of the sums for tools, publicity, etc., and in the required interests of both, the Industrial Designer must see this in its proper proportions, as no one can give certainty about the economic acceptance of a new article in advance.



The phrase that Good Industrial Design is Good Business has been mentioned before, and if now seen in the perspective outlined above, it can in-

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Contemporary Industrial Design (cont'd)
 deed be accepted with reasonable confidence. To some of the readers of this article it may appear as if too much stress has been laid on the financial aspect of contemporary Industrial Design, and that not enough attention has been given to the cultural (to use this abused word), side of it.

In the previous articles, it may be said, the position was reversed. It should be remembered that for two rea-

sons at least, this approach is justified. First of all the involved and costly process of mass production is necessary in order to give a maximum of people a maximum of satisfaction for a minimum price or effort. Secondly that however much the present system may be deplored by some, it cannot be reversed and brought back to mediaeval times, as attempted without success by nostalgic people. Thirdly that the re-

continued on page 15



This year, the College is staging its 28th Annual Ball, a tradition in the history of the College. For those who may not be too familiar with the story, I will try to give a brief outline of the annual affair.

Twenty-eight years ago, about this same date, the students of this College grouped together and decided to hold an annual dance. At that time there were comparatively few members enrolled here and the facilities of the College, namely Rooms 2 and 3 of the Grange, were large enough to hold all the students. The whole college was decorated to the theme and all the students took part. Since that time, the College has grown, if not in size, in population. It was found that after the war, with the sudden increase in the enrollment, it was necessary to find a larger accommodation. The Royal York was chosen as the setting for the "Bohemian Ball." This ball met with such great success that it was felt that the ball should be held on an equal scale the following years, the results being "Pioneer Canada," "Fiesta Fantasy" and this year's "Medici Masque."

For some unknown reason, the people who take part in an affair such as our costume ball do not seem to realize the impression that this ball makes on outsiders, including those who happen to catch a glimpse of the Ball from outside the doors of the Ballroom. It is becoming a social event in Toronto. Occasionally



you see small articles in the papers of dances that have been held by different groups in the city, but when the Costume Ball rolls around, every paper in Toronto gives us first class write-ups and many, many pictures of the people who will be taking part, and their costumes.

As you all should know by now, the theme of the Ball is the "Medici Masque" and takes place during the Renaissance period in Italy. Since the hotel decoration is of the same period, the problems of the decorators have been minimized. It is not absolutely necessary for you to manufacture your own costume as it is possible to make arrangements with one of the Costume firms in Toronto to rent one of that period, but, making your own helps to keep the overall cost of the ball down. Not only that, students of an Art College should be able to design a costume as good as any that can be rented. There is also an unlimited source of costumes as a group in order to represent a court of some city which has been invited to the Ball.

At this point, I would like to thank the people who have worked so hard in the planning of the Ball, and who have given up so much of their spare time to make this Ball as successful as those of the past. It is a big job to put on a production of this type, and it is up to you to be the actors and make it a success.

BOB FORSYTH, Pres. S.C.



Bob Forsyth

Literary Review

The book "LANGUAGE OF VISION" by Gyorgy Kepes, an excessively wordy and somewhat repetitious thesis should be read by all students contemplating the breakthrough from convention to radicalism.

Kepes, a youthful artist, in his enthusiastic approach is quite successful in organizing and consolidating material born through a lifetime of research and study. He has broken down to bare essentials the modes and current phases of drawing, painting and photography, and presents his theories in a systematic, logical sequence, fraught with synonyms. He shows why modern artists felt the need to reject a slavish obedience to naturalism and revise vision.

It is not accident that Mr. Kepes and others similarly orientated speak of the "language of vision." Every one of us realizes the gross imperfections of the language of the last generation. We are confronted with a new and shrunken world, completely interdependent which still throbs to the primitive tom-toms of outmoded creeds of "nationalism" and "racial sovereignty." We can no longer talk of isolable objects in absolute space for with scientific advance, a new frame of reference has been created known as relativity.

Kepes purposely deprives us of all our comfortable aesthetic stereotypes to induce us to appreciate vision as vision. It is his contention, as it must undoubtedly have been Seurat's and Van Gogh's of the last century, that true vision must be relegated to the automatic, it must be transformed from an acute awareness of things to a conditional response leaving the higher re-

cesses of the mind free to their proper work.

Kypes, however, is in my opinion, by no means perfect. He has attempted to place art on a scientific basis which I believe is impossible. Until he can establish a criterion of aesthetic worth his pursuit in that direction must be to no avail. Science and art are as immiscible as petroleum and water. In this sense, what he has written would appear to be an attempt to confound, but if interpreted as the sincere work it is, it can provide a stimulus to any young artist interested in throwing the barrier confronting modern art back into infinity.

A thing that Kepes has almost neglected is the loss of a vehicle for modern art. In other centuries, the Church provided the impetus necessary to motivate art forms along new channels. In some countries of the world today, the state has become the locomotive, but in a capitalistic economy, the artist must either prostitute his work to satisfy a commercial demand instigated by the monopolistic factions or try to develop on his own, adding theory to theory until his work must eventually lose touch with reality.

Art means reality. If, as Kepes, suggests in the latter part of his book, we can sufficiently impress art directors, buyers and politicians with their all-too-important role as educators of the masses and thereby induce them to raise the standard of intelligence through the media of a loftier advertising norm, then art will have its impetus and will once again become the powerful factor influencing social welfare which it was in the past. It must cease to function as a spectator sport and be enjoyed by an enlightened, participant public.

HUGH THORNTON

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O. C. A. GIVEN WARM WELCOME TO ALUMNI NIGHT, MARCH 11th, IN HART HOUSE.

On March 11th, corridors, gyms, libraries, swimming pool and Great Hall of Hart House will resound with music, laughter and gay conversation, as two thousand Varsity alumni and their friends invade that stronghold of men students. This social highlight of the graduate year is "Alumni Night", in the planning of which the Ontario College of Art is lending a helping hand.

Every room, every corner of the House will be used to provide an unforgettable evening of top entertainment. Three dance bands—Stanley St. John, Jim Macdonald and Bob Cringan—will be in attendance to supply the music for dancing in the Big Gym, Venetian Cabaret in the Lunch Room, and Square Dancing in the Debates Room.

But that's only a small part of the program. Performances by the Volkoff Ballet, one of Canada's premier ballet groups, will be presented in the Hart House Theatre. There will be an Alumni Art Show and Competition, an innovation that is expected to uncover much alumni talent in painting; coloured photographic stills, a phase of art that has attracted hundreds of devotees, will be projected on a screen under the supervision of Mr. Sam Vogan, Engineering Alumnus and top-ranking colour photographer; the beautiful Lee Collection of antique masterpieces will be on exhibit for those who wish to seek out a quiet corner. Displays of athletic prowess will be offered for the sports-minded, which will include the Dolphinettes in the swimming pool; two fortune-tellers will murmur strange and miraculous things in a setting which breathes of mystery and romance. And to crown the evening, supper — food, that is — will be served in the Great Hall. Truly, it will be an evening packed to the brim with entertainment, and one in which graduates of the College of Art, an affiliate of the University, are cordially invited to join. Dress will be informal. Tickets at \$4.00 per couple may be obtained from the Alumni Office, 42 St. George Street. They may be ordered by mail if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Wm. Hazlitt

"Man's real goal is the fullest development of his specific powers."

STUDOCA

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Contemp. Ind. Des. cont'd from page 12
education of the public to a level where the harmony of function-form is actively understood, and demanded in the products of modern mass-production, is a slow process, and it is unreasonable and indeed incorrect to expect the manufacturers to take that risk alone.

The renewed manifestation of the truly human qualities previously discussed is a matter which concerns every one of us in general, and certain educational and religious groups and institutions in particular. Again without the vital element of integration and interpenetration between individuals and groups, organic process becomes or remains a vague and idle hope. The very appearance of Industrial Design is proof, however small at present, that a new understanding is dawning.

H. A. Nieboer

An Interview with WYLIE

Here is a man who says "Oh, Gee? There are other people with more interesting lives than mine. I'm not good for an interview." We don't agree, Mr. Wylie.

If you will amble down to the Ceramic Department (sub-cellar, rear in the Orange) you will find a tall, blond, mustached man who holds the position of head of that department. His name is Grant Wylie.

Born in Hamilton, Mr. Wylie finished high school and spent two years at Technical School before attending O.C.A. Here he took three and a half years of Interior Architecture with Gustav Hahn in the days when this course had its home in what is now the Sculpture Room. Then followed a period of clerical work which he did not find stimulating, and several months at a steel foundry where he laboriously fed raw materials into an open hearth furnace. This latter task which was performed in an extremely hot temperature and the very dangerous position of a scaffolding above open vats of molten metal, managed to strengthen his nerve, cure his hay-fever and as well, his taste for heavy work.

In 1943, he decided that the Air Force would be safer than the factory, and joined as a wireless operator. Upon discharge, he was casting about for a different job, and in his search, came upon some interesting material in some library books on Ceramic Arts, which were, in a way, related to his former work in the steel mill. Further knowledge of the subject set him off to MacDonald College, McGill University's C.A.C., where he took a specialized course for 22 months and on graduation taught Summer School there.

Mr. Wylie shared a small studio in the 'Boylands' of Montreal, with another student from MacDonald College. They enjoyed an arrangement with the candy-maker next door - an unlimited supply of candies in return for heating his shop. This happy state continued for one year while they kept busy turning out beer steins, ash trays and many

other sundry objects. The next half year found him occupied at a pottery factory, learning industrial production techniques.

And then O.C.A. entered the picture again as Mr. Wylie was placed in his present position.

His aims are to establish a summer pottery school in Huntsville for students (with one eye on the inducement to tourists), and to increase the ingenuity and inventiveness of students of pottery. He thinks that more small ceramic sculpture should be placed within the range of everyone.

The methods of pottery-making that the students of the College learn (and I quote) are primarily the same as those of the early Egyptians. The war has caused certain advances in ceramics such as the discovery of substitutes either natural or synthetic, to replace those that became unavailable. Similarly, Commercial pottery works have contributed developments in technical production.

Mr. Wylie thinks pottery may some day be united with metal work, and is now glazing on metal himself and experimenting with a mixture of the two crafts.

"Ceramics," states he, "are my profession and my hobby."

Yes, we think you were a good interview, Mr. Wylie.

ALICE PECK, ANN WHYTE.



Anyone who is interested in purchasing a portfolio case may obtain information through Alex Horen of 2B, Commercial. These cases are made of leatherette and are large enough to carry a drawing board comfortably.

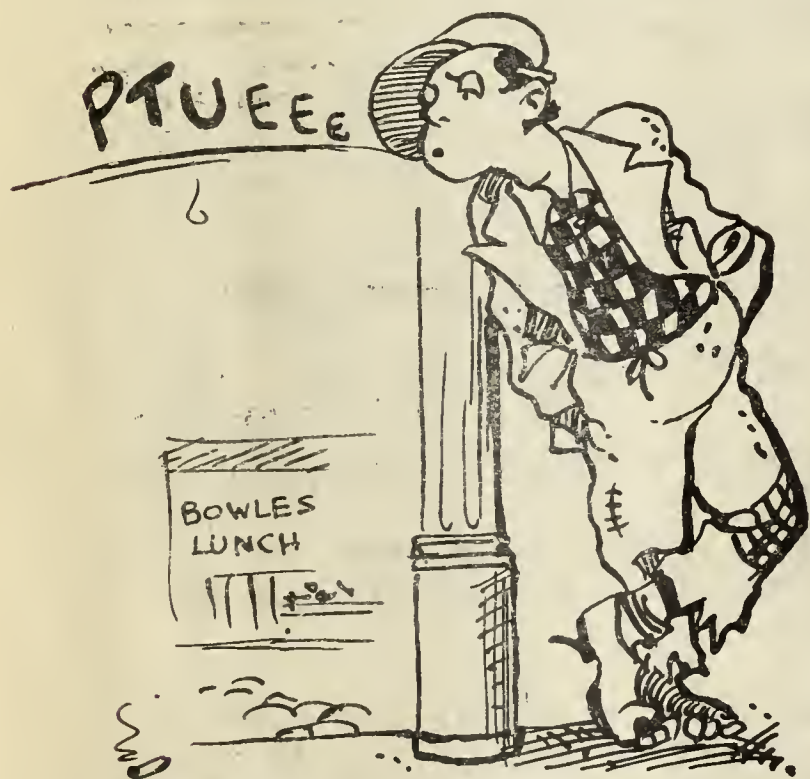
THE STATE OF MODERN PAINTING by LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Excerpts from Harpers Magazine, Oct. 1942

There is an attack on modern painting, . . . that deplores a lack of general culture, historical and scientific, on the part of most of our painters, and their lack of stable technical processes and rational craftsmanship. It contends that the artist should use his imagination without frivolity or dilletantism and that his hand and eye must be trained. Painting today lacks adequate intellectual capacity and manual skill. Ostensibly the subject of their pictures is the exploration of the artist's sub-, super, or unconscious life and inner vision. The pictures are frozen rather than finished. Improvisation has masqueraded as inspiration or revelation. Van Eyck and his contemporaries, when they painted left little to hazard, from the idea-- sacred or profane -- to the first preparation of the panel's surface, the drawing upon it, the underpainting and glaz-

ing, right through to the design of the frame. Collectors began to be more concerned with who had painted a picture than with the craft. . . . Nevertheless, there are painters who go about their business as artists have in the past. These painters put intelligence above inspiration or originality. They render the particular chaos of their time not by chaotic swirls of paint, but by a carefully selected and constructed legible image which may give some powerful hint of grand confusion, without being pretentious or vague. Is there any reason why artists should not be educated in science, philosophy, history and art history? Why should not painters assume a craftsmanship as absolute as the composer with his piano?

During Lincoln Kirstein's army career his researches in the history of American battle art resulted in an exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington and in a book. He is the author of two novels and much writing about the arts, particularly the dance.



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Cover Notes

Your cover this month was designed by Sid Goldsmith who graduated from O.C.A. in 1948. Last year, the commercial class was assigned the problem of designing a permanent cover for Sketch. This cover was chosen as the best of the designs submitted, but, on discussing it this year, we reached the conclusion that with a school full of artists and would-be-artists, it should be quite unnecessary to have a standard cover. Our experience this month has made us think that maybe we came to the wrong conclusion. Does it not seem disgraceful to you that in a college of ART there should be a STANDARD cover set for the school paper and that of 600 students of ART not one would have enough interest to make the required effort to do a cover design and submit it to the Sketch. If this had been done and had not used a cover from last year then you at least would have a clear conscience!!! This same complaint also applies to art work to decorate the inside of the paper.

Our Art Editor, Ken Gray, cannot possibly speak to each of you individually and ask you to do a design. This should not be necessary anyway, so don't you think that you could see to it that we have a special cover for each of the issues to follow. This is, of course, with the exception of the March issue which will have the "Queen of the Ball" as the cover feature.

"Do good--leave behind you a monument of virtue that thorns of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, have mercy upon the hearts of all those with whom you come in contact year by year. Then your name, your deeds, shall be as legible on the hearts of those you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening."

JOHN CLIMER

The staff of Sketch wish to thank all those who gave so willingly of their time and energies to make the production of Sketch a possibility this month.

"Pomes" by Bob Cowan

THE FINE ARTIST

Searching through human means
To poetically create a supreme perfection
A balance between body, mind and soul,
He tunes his heart to the highest God
And, through pain and piercing torment
He wrings, from his twisted body
The soul's high and exotic masterpiece.

IS IT SO?

Is there a purpose to
this earth?
Or is it so,
That this world is
but a mad-house --
A mockery to the rest
of creation?

THE SOUL DANCES BALLET

I'm afraid to dance -- my feet will
quaver;
The soul is willing but the rhythms are
dead.

In dreams my feet dance true
And pivot like a radiant Nijinsky or
Pavlova

But, on waking, the flat feet twist,
And lie dead at the end of my fat, thick
legs.

They are so sure and so positive, all of
them

That I cannot dance?
But my soul says I must --!
They could never understand.

"Excess of sorrow laughs,
Excess of joy weeps".

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"Caricature is the tribute mediocrity
pays to genius."

OSCAR WILDE.

28th ANNUAL costume ball

"YA CAN'T GET INTO
DA BALL WITHOUT
A TICKET !!!"



"NEXT YEAR I'LL GET MY TICKET
IN TIME!!"



